

Replica Republic #3



Reel #2

This is a split-zine.

It is Replica Republic. It is also Reel.

It is also the last Reel ever. Reel sucks. I hate it. I have discovered the logic in MRR's decision in no longer reviewing cassettes. I can't believe that I am saying this, but there are so many reasons that doing so is very draining.

I believe that cassettes are a great medium for music because they allow great creativity to be expressed at a very low cost in terms of production. I am sorry that many people have a policy of rejecting cassettes totally. That policy sucks, because a lot of great music is potentially ignored.

On the other hand, the ease with which cassettes can be produced has its downside. You would not believe how fast you can burn out reviewing the enormous amount of shit that is available cassette-only.

The reasons I am not going to do another issue of Reel are that I can't deal with the amazing amounts of terrible music and that this zine loses money like crazy. None of my zines ever break even, but this is absurd.

Thus, this zine contains only cassette reviews. The reviews are the Reel portion of the zine, and are mostly done to honor the trade policy I have. All the non-review material, you may consider Replica Republic. Needless to say there will not be a comp tape. Sorry if any of you feel slighted but I don't feel that I can put out a quality product within my original intentions.

Furthermore, Rachel and I are folding up the iG. One more issue and then it is curtains. My sister will continue to put out Cochineal, and I will only put out Replica Republic. I will continue to operate the Gdoing! mailorder and deal with my band Poobah.

From now on, Replica Republic will come out more regularly in an offset form courtesy of my friends at Punks with Presses. Great people. Please see their ad.

After this issue, Replica Republic will be printed quarterly, with an initial run of 500 per issue. Ad rates will be as follows: 1/2 page - \$25 1/4 page \$10. I also do some trades for ads, and run ads for some worthy causes or shit I like for free. My review policy is that I only review what I like, including CDs, tapes, records, zines, books, etc. Feel free to submit, and things I really like I am happy to work into the Gdoing Productions mailorder catalog as long as you don't mind consignment or trade. If anyone knows any good places to sell zines, please get in touch.

Thanks for pandering to my ego and buying or reviewing or reading this zine. I hope the rest of your day goes well also.

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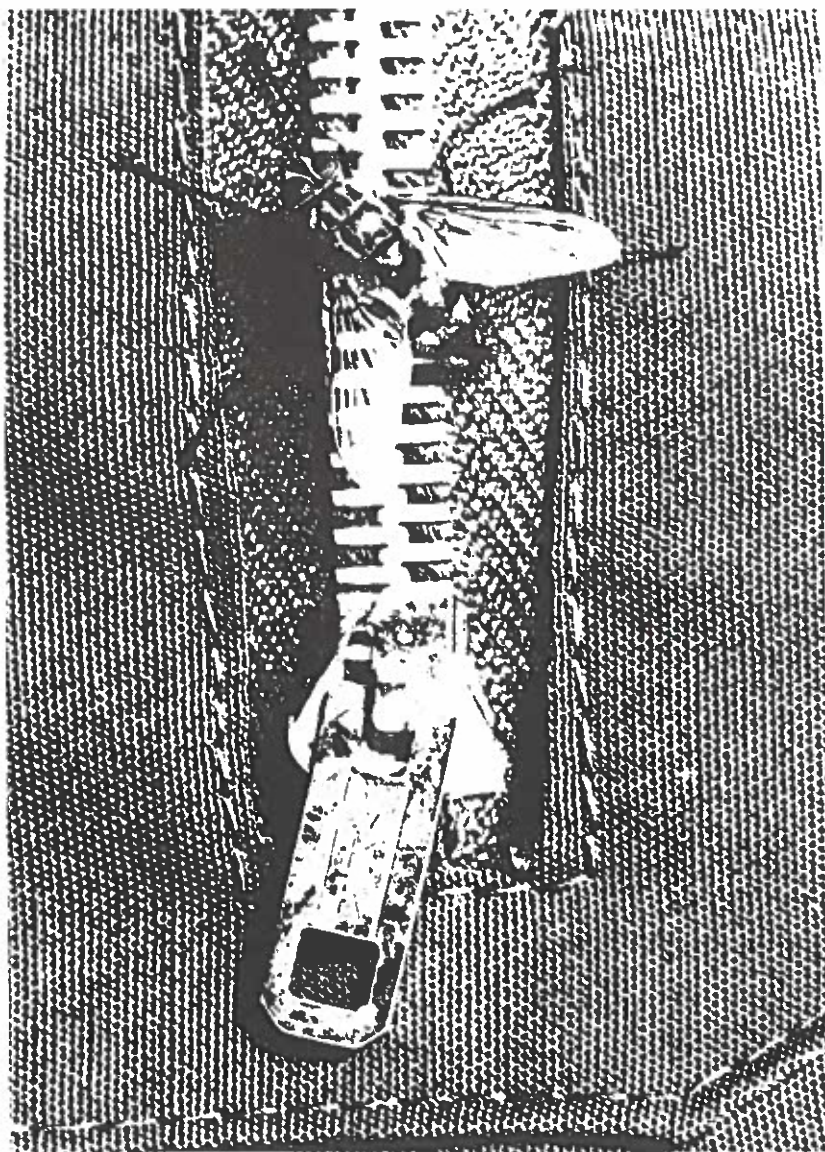
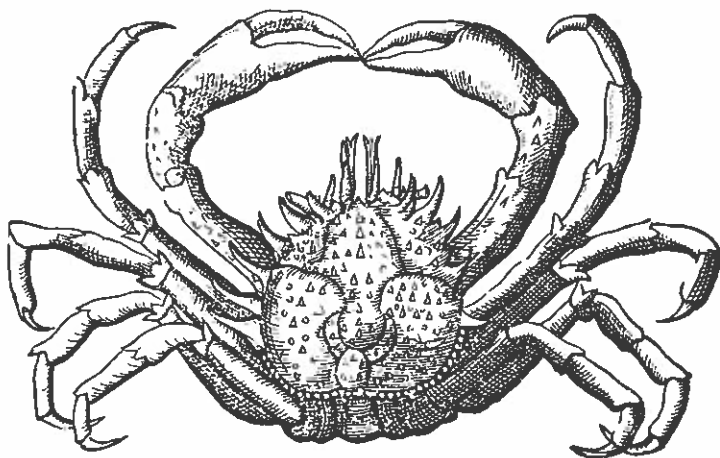
Poobah - Alkaloid CD(\$10)

Poobah 1 sided t-shirt (black or white)(\$8)

Poobah 2 sided, 2 color t-shirt(\$10)

(All shirts 100% cotton. Specify lg or x-lg.)

Counter Culture Comparisons; Wading through the Bullshit



Fucking enough! I am so sick and tired of hearing it! One more stupid hippie turned yuppie preaching to me about "my generation" vs. "their generation" and I am going to retract everything I ever said about senseless violence so that I can rip them in two and shit all over them.

In the first place, I have no connection to "my generation" so give it a rest. I believe that drawing parallels of unity to an age group is impossible and is as ridiculous as ties due to nationality or race. The fact that butthead-fratboy over there, shoveling burgers and beer down his throat is 22, doesn't connect him to me at all. I will be friends with people I respect and will follow my own convictions, thank you.

A more important reason for my anger is the hypocrisy involved. Even if you once believed in wonderful things, when you let them go, give them up and go for the dough, you have automatically invalidated everything you said before, and lost your bragging rights.

Finally, I am angry because it is a farce. By the late 60s and early 70s, the entire sub-culture of hippiedom became an exercise in hypocrisy. If one eliminates all of the people that got into the hippie movement for reasons including free sex, free drugs, social acceptance, and good times in general, then the mass movement would have been no more than a forgotten group of misfits. These few are the ones who we ought to remember. These few are the ones really responsible for change. The ones responsible for doing whatever good came out of the era. By saying the "hippies" stopped a war, or brought about the civil rights movement, or feminism, or anything slights the accomplishments of those who really made a difference.

Where is the proof? The proof is in how people live their life today. If a person put the love beads away and took out the suit, bought a Volvo, and a nice house in the suburbs, and occasionally takes out their Joe Cocker records to play with their friends, then they simply have proven that they live their life today as they lived it in the 60s - they are going with the flow. They might give the Visa card to their kids so they can charge up a 10 city tour following the Grateful Dead in the BMW, but this is the only connection they have to their past. Just as fake as the present.

I worked for just such a fucko. He is the

AS EAGLES SOAR - Original
Motion Picture Soundtrack

Must be a boring movie.

Jules

PO Box 21422

Oakland, CA 94620

STEP AHEAD - demo

Very powerful hard
core. Energetic riffing and a
tight rhythm section over
yelled vocals that fit in the
groove perfectly. The song
writing isn't stellar but it
sure is quick and grooving!

16913 Vose st.

Van Nuys, CA 91406

TORSO/JOYBOY

The best thing about
this particular cassette is that
it is easy enough to throw a
couple of pieces of scotch tape
over the record tabs, and to
salvage it as a blank tape.

Ginger Leigh

PO Box 683

Artesia, CA 90702

\$6

CNF - Racism in the Bible

If you ever decide that
you want to make your own
tape, here are a few clues to
help you out.

#1 - If you are going to try to
tackle an overused topic (like
say for instance, Satan and
making fun of preachers and
such) then try not to do it in a
way that makes it exactly like
a thousand people before you.

#2 - Most tape recorders have
some sort of gain control. If
you must yell at the top of
your lungs into a shitty
microphone, try turning the
gain down so that you don't
end up creating a horrible
distorted noise not at all
resembling human speech.

#3 - If you make a mistake, do
not keep it on the tape. Do it
over.

Church of the New Faith

PO Box 9152

Virginia Beach, VA 23450

LUNGBUTTER - demo

Excellent and great and
stupendous and wonderful and
fabulous. These guys are
thoroughly heavy and
diseased-sounding. Fucking
great heavy stuff reminding me
at times of Nation of Ulysses
and Born Against thrown
together in the spirit of the
season.

800 Pine #19

Oakland, CA 94607

PURITAN HARDCORE -

Sort of average
hardcore over poorly
programmed drum machine
sounds. Nothing stands out
here.

PO Box 3431

Urbana, IL 61801

\$3

IF YOU CAN'T SIN, LET'S
MAKE A DEAL - comp tape

The worst tape I have
possibly ever heard. A comp
tape of the worst noise I have
ever come across. Sounds like
me trying to solo on guitar,
which isn't pretty. The drum
stuff is even worse.

PO Box 13180

Jersey City, NY 07303

NAKED VIOLENCE - Sauced

Combining two words
that are way over used in hard
core bands, NAKED VIOLENCE
delivers musically none the
less. "I smoke too much"
vocals over garage punk stuff.
Pretty cool.

PO Box 194

Clackamas, OR 97015

\$4



MOE - Fatboy

I like this. Humorous and light hearted lyrics over humorous and light hearted music. Sort of poppy in its approach, but wonderfully original nonetheless.

Rock-on Productions
675 Delaware Ave. suite 801
Buffalo, NY 14209

PLEASE

Sort of middle of the road rock ala REM or the like. Not very good.

50 Percent Records
12516 Stable House Ct.
Rockville, MD 20854
\$3

MAMA I'M HIGH - Whole Chunks

Awful. Repetitive grunge wanabes. The worst example of it I have ever heard.

PO Box 683
Artesia, CA 90702
\$5

NAILBOMB

Mostly a combination in sound of metal and Revelation style hard-core. Maybe not the most original music to grace the planet but you could do far worse.

31 Manor Row
Bradford
W. Yorks
BD1 4PS UK
£1.20

GET A LIFE

Extremely angry vocals over repetitious heavy riffing. Could be a lot better if there were either shorter songs or more variety within each song. It's really pretty decent, but it tires easy.

Ron
6 Manchester Dr.
Bethpage, NY 11714

WHITE OUT - Surf Star is Dead

An awful combination of the CULT and U2. This is a tape that has Exederin written all over it.

485 Tabor St.
Long Beach, NJ 07740

GROUT - demo

Yes!!!!!! This is quite good. We were supposed to play with these guys about three times, but somehow it always fell through. In any case, this is pure rocking and original sounding punk rock. Hints of DCish sound, a distinctive vocal style, and tight musicianship that pummels into your head with great grooves makes this an utterly ruling piece of cassette art.

11343 Klinger #2n
Detroit, MI 48212

THE METHOD - demo 92

Aggressive and straight forward heavy hard core music from Dayton. The musicianship is very tight and the vocals have a nice high-yell sound that I like.

5082 Ashview Ct.
Dayton, OH 45424

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Raf Vandeweyer
Laagstraat 10
3930 Hamont Belgium
\$5

SPHERE LAZA - Fatal Ignorance

Abrasive electronic garbage disguised as music.

PO Box 9112
Ocala, FL 34479
\$5

LEWD - Dream Girl

More do-it-yourself slop. Stuff like this is the reason I don't want to do Reel anymore.

2116 N. Craig Ave.
Altadena, CA 91001

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Kansas City, MO 64112

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Envy the Dead (45 min. Cassette) \$6.00 ppd.

Empowerment

Empowerment. An overused term to be certain, and there are endless things that one might consider personally empowering. I would hopefully never be so arrogant to discredit someone for doing something that they felt empowered them by telling them that they weren't empowering themselves. Empowerment is an entirely personal experience so how could anyone possibly eliminate what someone else feels is empowering?

For me, one of the most empowering things in my life is the creation of music. When Poobah writes a new song that really works, we all get shivers that go up and down our bodies covering our flesh with goose bumps. The creative process is cleansing and purging. If we are successful, we know it by a physical reaction as real as orgasm.

To take the voices inside our heads and transpose them into timbre, pitch, melody and harmony is our version of ecstasy. Lyrics and music can combine to form an opinion that we can present to others. The power of the whole song touches each of us to our soul. We always hope that we can share the experience with others, though obviously it is for selfish personal gratification. I often wonder if the experience is as profound for all people who create music. Though it may sound arrogant, I believe it isn't, at least not for everyone.

It seems to me that there are far too many people who play music too be cool, to gain acceptance, to do what will give them attention, or "to get the babes". I find this incredibly sad. Too compound this, I am even more distraught at the the way there is so much of this in punk rock. I earlier said that I wouldn't want to discredit someone for something that they felt empowered them, and I stand by this statement. However, I feel that there is a line between music empowering someone in and of itself and using it as a vehicle for fame, fucks, and fortune.

It is for this reason that I get angry at the posing asshole fuckos that attach themselves to punk rock without giving a damn about all of the things that matter. I am very selfish. I believe that this scene belongs to those who dedicate themselves to it, who created it, who support it, and live it. It does not belong to the lollapalosers who leach on to it and suck the life out of it. I am possessive and protective. I don't consider punk rock to be an elite fraternity or a private club, but I feel that taking the fashion and musical style out of it for money or any superficial gain is heinous and I feel justified in saying to those who do it, "YOU ARE NOT WELCOME!"

The endless regurgitation of facsimile musicians who figure out the hooks and looks can really disguise themselves well. The tremendous amount of garbage marketed as punk rock on all of the major labels these days is proof positive. To make it perfectly clear, I believe it is technically impossible to be a punk rock band on a major label.

The very creation of punk rock was a stand against entities like major labels, thus I don't see how it is possible to retain the integrity of punk on a major label. This goes for the Sex Pistols, the Clash, as well as for Nirvana, L7, or who the fuck ever just signed.

I don't make any comments regarding their musical style. If punk were simply what you sounded like, then there would be tons of contradictions in a zine like MRR. Is Tsunami punk? They certainly appear in tons of what are considered punk zines, and yet they sound rather poppy and light. By contrast bands like Born Against, Citizens Arrest, or Rorshack have more in common with thrash metal with all of their E-mutes, growling vocals and the like than they do with what most people think "punk" sounds like. What about Nomeansno? They occasionally sound like out-takes of Frank Zappa, which again is probably not what most would consider punk rock. It goes on and on, but I feel it is safe to say that there is no certain musical style that defines what punk rock is.

In that respect punk rock has nonaesthetic qualifying agents that do not apply to other musical styles. Heavy metal will probably accept anyone who has long enough hair and a Marshall stack, as evidenced by the differences between a band like Sepultura and a band like Poison. Metal has a vague style and look that will qualify a band as metal, but the differences of looks, styles, and sounds of punk bands is far more diverse.

If you were to isolate the politics of punk rock, I guess you would find the majority of it to lean to the left and to be rather anti-government and pro-freedom. Often, but not necessarily. There are certainly plenty of punk bands that don't talk or deal with politics at all and spend a lot of time singing about drugs, romance, and even open-heart surgery. There are also bands that are considered punk that have a political perspective not unlike the Hitler youth. Strike

politics out as a qualifying agent.

So, the only real tie that binds is a certain ethic. This ethic is the retention of the self, the refusal to give in to pressure, the gumption to go it alone, the will to remain independent and control one's own destiny.

There are things that can not exist in an environment where there is someone who holds a contract over your head which says that they own your creations, that they can refuse to allow you to perform or record a song that YOU wrote. There are things that can't happen when you are legally obligated to produce product (\$\$\$\$) whether you feel inspired to write good songs or not. There are things that don't coincide with a philosophy that views bands as profit potential, and not as artists.

There are certainly valid musicians on major labels. I still whip out my old Rush, Genesis, Charlie Parker, Indigo Girls, Peter Gabriel, John Coltrane, Mahavishnu Orchestra or Black Sabbath records, tapes and CDs if it is what I am in the mood to listen to. I don't think that signing to a major label equates automatically with shitty music, but I do believe that it automatically means it isn't punk.

For those who stand against major labels to the degree that they don't want to have anything to do with them, I applaud their effort and their integrity. Perhaps I have some double standards, but I believe everyone does to a degree and I listen to what I like. If there is a band on a major label that I like, I'll tape it so the majors don't get my money, but I'll still listen to what I consider to be good music. Particularly considering that there are very few independent labels for certain styles of music, namely jazz and classical.

Nevertheless, to not confuse the issue, punk means independence. When you look at the diversity of musical styles, ideologies and interests of "punk", there can really be no other conclusion. This is the empowerment for all bands who play and believe in punk rock, beyond the musical experience.

For us, our music is empowering, but the fact that we put out our own single is also empowering. We book all of our own shows, network with other bands, promote ourselves in what we consider fair and ethical ways, and do what we can to get our music to more people. We have just about finished work on our first full length which should be out by the time you read this, and this was perhaps the greatest feeling of empowerment that we have ever felt.

Truthfully, it would be nice to do a little less legwork and write and play more in exchange. We would be happy to do this if we could find people to put out our records or book our shows when they understood our philosophy. Granted, a nice sized independent label and a talented booking agent would make our lives easier but not having them doesn't incapacitate us.

To me, punk is rooted in independence. This is the integral part of what I feel defines a punk band. It is the limiting factor that prevents a major label band from being punk, regardless of hair dye color or menacing glares. It is also a source of despair in another facet of the whole debate. Bands who are using the scene while they can without any real attachment to it, beyond a money and ego level.

There are numerous examples of this. Bands that will rip you off faster than they would help you out, bands that get off on being the center of attention but don't give a shit about the punk scene or underground or grunge or whatever beyond the level that it is useful to them.

In my eyes, all of the punk bands that signed to major labels used the underground when it was their only audience and when larger avenues opened up to them, it was "See you later, I got Sony on line 2." This is opportunism in the sense that they exploited the underground for money and recognition until they got a better offer.

There are plenty of bands who seem like this even before a label is ready to sign them. There are bands that I have dealt with in my own experiences who I can see this in already. There are bands that have ripped our band off for money, cheated us out of trade shows, or who have canceled shows on us at the last minute, just because they didn't feel like playing. We have dealt with egos and attitudes that are incredibly out of proportion with the alleged talent.

Part of the despair I feel lately is not only that the majors are trying to swallow up the underground, but that a large part of the underground's reaction to it is to act more and more like the major labels. Now, you can't entirely trust some of the supposedly independent labels and

distributors. Between the shady history of Dutch East, the shady dealings of Caroline or Sub-Pop, the folding of Rough Trade and impending doom of SST, what's next, and what left? Not to mention the clever disguises of major label subsidies, and the vague ties a growing number of independents have to major labels (e.i. Matador, Sub-Pop, Triple X, Restless).

It seems that there are far too many people who are taking the fashion, and cliches and superficial components out of punk rock and forgetting what is important. The retention of the self and refusal to give in to pressure seems to suggest that cliques and fashion, and peer pressure doesn't belong. The will to remain independent seems to suggest that we should all work together, help one-another, and support one-another, not back stab, malign, and fuck each other over. There seems to be a lack of recognition for individual effort and a lack of respect for those that do it on their own. A band has to get an established label to put out their releases before they merit any credit.

Bands that follow formulas and latch on to the punk scene can't very well be independent if they are so worried about gaining social approval. There is no empowerment if you are doing this for the fringe benefits and not for yourself. Furthermore, if majors and independents have fewer and fewer distinctions from each other then what is the big difference with whom you release your record with?

I find punk rock to be a very powerful force. To me, Poobah's music is the most cleansing, purging, empowering music that I have ever heard, because I know the story behind it, the hours that went into honing the songs, the message of the lyrics, the meaning of the message, and the empowerment that came from it. I know that to me, this is what punk rock is all about.



Photo by Mike Rake

True Love

The camera pans across a crowded restaurant with an extremely well dressed clientele. A passing shot of a waiter carrying what appears to be champagne leads us to a table where an attractive woman sits alone. We are allowed to hear the clutter of the restaurant for a moment and then a voice-over of the woman's thoughts tells us that she is waiting for someone. She sits, legs crossed, smiling and contemplative, and the scene switches to the entrance. An attractive, distinguished and assertive man walks in.

Back to the woman at the table, we hear that she doesn't know where she would be without him. The man walks toward her and his voice-over tells us "She looks just as beautiful as the day I married her, ten years ago". As he sits down with the woman, she looks relieved, and tells him, "You're late", though it's obvious she isn't truly angry with him. "I know," he responds, "you shouldn't have had to wait . . . ten years . . . for this," he says handing the beautiful diamond anniversary band to his awe struck wife.

This commercial is just one of the detestable advertisements paid for by the De Beers Central Selling Organization, the world's leading diamond exchange, sellers, and miners. The underlying messages in this ad and in their other ads are among the most sexist in any modern advertising. Examining carefully the above mentioned commercial, one sees how they cleverly twist both men and women into creatures in pursuit of sex and material

goods. The truth about love in the world of these ads is that a man can not possibly love his wife if he does not spend a great deal of money on her. In return, a woman whose husband is not able to buy her such items is to feel cheated, as her husband is obviously not up to snuff.

The first shot of the restaurant lets the viewer know that we are instantly dealing with wealth, as made apparent by the white table cloths, the tuxedo-clad waiters, the shining silver, and the shimmering crystal. The woman seated at the table is of no modest means, and looks aristocratic in her dress suit and short skirt. At first, it might seem that she is a dominant figure in the scene, but this is not the intention or result of the ad. She is seated at a large empty table in a very crowded restaurant. The white table cloth makes the area look even more empty in contrast to her red lips and suit. She is not made to look dominant, but on the contrary is made to look lost and submissive. She is placed in a position where she is alone amongst the many happy diners around her. She is sitting low, as the camera looms above her, waiting for her man.

The man, from the moment he enters the restaurant, is oppositely confident and important. He has a look that suggests he is a rugged, macho type, that can climb mountains, and bend steel bars with his teeth. At the same time, he is very well groomed, and at perfect ease in an expensive suit. He wades easily through the crowded restaurant, as the other patrons part to ensure this

object of intense masculinity may have a clear path to his woman.

Their meeting is another show of his dominant role. He is filmed handing the diamond trinket down to her, and is slow to sit at her level. When he finally does sit, he relaxes to such a degree of casualness that it makes the woman look uptight. Her reaction to the gift is a hair shy of disgusting in all of her lip biting, drooling, wide eyed appreciation of this truly amazing gift. She looks as though this were the object of her every desire, the true epitome of their relationship. She looks prepared to lick the shoes of this wonderful man and to do whatever necessary to keep the gifts coming, and to make sure that he is properly thanked for the treasure he brought her.

The narration of the commercial betrays more of the sexist intent of its message. The woman remarks that she doesn't know where she would be without him. This is to say that the woman, or as the real message suggests, all women, would be nothing without their man or husband. Their husband has dominated their lives to the point where they are entirely dependent on him. The man on the other hand says that she looks just as beautiful as the day they were married. This suggests that he views her only in the sense of beauty, as an object for pleasure and gratification. Her dependence on him for every need is drastically different from his need for her which is expressed almost exclusive-

ly on a sexual level.

The episode epitomizes the worried, dependent, submissive wife in a role where she is waiting, as we can assume is often the case, for her hero. The man on the other hand, is hardly pressed and thinks nothing of being late when his wife is expecting him. Further, the manner in which he gives her the diamonds is indicative that it makes up for any wrongdoing on his part. He can do whatever he wants, just as long as he gives her something useless and valuable to make up for it.

The entire scene calls up imagery of a man paying off a prostitute. This callous avoidance of any substantive issue of love or affection, is replaced with material and sexual obsession. The woman is content in her role as someone who is paid for devotion, sex and marriage, rather than someone who loves her partner, and receives as much as she gives. The man pays for sex, and his wife will squirm at his feet regardless of anything he does.

This ad prolongs many sexist stereotypes present in American society. Perhaps a man who buys a diamond for their wife is not intending to demean her, and truly gives it out of a sense of love, but the pointlessness of such a gift supersedes his intentions. Any man who buys into the notion that his love must be expressed in expensive gifts demeans the act simply in its relation to the notion of "buying off" his lover. By the same token, any woman who longs for a piece of expensive

jewelry at the appropriate time of the year celebrates not her wedding, but her enslavement, as a willing accomplice to a sexist society that forgets about love and people.

The very fact that this commercial, and the diamond industry in general, sell their product in this manner on a larger scale promotes needless consumption and materialism. It becomes not just a reward or a gift, but a need. The diamond is presented to us as one of the basic necessities of life, and the man, if he is capable, must supply the woman, if she is worthy, with this basic need.

The other ads run on television, and in magazines and newspapers, by the diamond industry stand only to reinforce these notions. Slogans such as "a diamond is forever" and "diamonds are a girls best friend" were created by the De Beers Central Selling Organization before they were lyrics to popular songs. They reinforce the notion that love is fleeting, and unimportant. A woman can depend on the permanence of a diamond that will not break, chip, scratch, or leave. On the other hand, a man serves no real purpose, at least not after he has bought her the diamond.

Other ad slogans such as "Five years ago she was your blushing bride. This anniversary turn her crimson" reinforce that idea that a woman can be bought, or that if love has lost its spark, a diamond will rekindle the flame. In another ad, we are told that for a wedding band, two

months salary is the appropriate amount of money to spend. This seems far more than ridiculous when one considers the shape of the economy, and though a diamond may indeed be forever, forever is an arbitrary amount of time compared to the problems and possibilities of unemployment, homelessness, and malnutrition.

Further, attention must be drawn to the manner in which De Beers perpetuates a certain group of role models. The actors or models are usually young, always white, and always rich. This might not seem so odd if it weren't for the company behind it. Keep in mind that Cecil De Beers, the founder of De Beers Central Selling Organization is responsible for the virtual enslavement of blacks in the South African diamond mines, and that he and his company are responsible in large part for the system of apartheid. The commercials run by this company reflect their racism, their previously discussed sexism, their materialism, and their adoption of the perfect Euro-centric, heterosexual, upwardly mobile life as the model which all others are to adhere to in this society.

The commercial may seem harmless, and in truth there are no obvious sexual remarks and no overt scene of dominance by the man. The truth is well hidden. Viewed carefully, the intentions and results of this and the diamond industry's other ads are anything but subtle.

Lee Diamond
34 W. Washington #1
Athens, OH 45701



Well, that's it.

I have a couple of things that I am working on for next issue, including an essay continuing the subject of the true source of power in this country, and how the information super-age technology will impact on the underground and counter culture.

There is also a piece on the myth of the twenty-something generation, or generation X or whatever in the fuck it is. Lastly, there will be a piece on the impending revolution. The revolution will come from the right, not the left and counter measures are necessary immediately.

Please send in stuff to review, comments, critique, ideas, or mail in general. I answer all mail, and reply in a generally quick fashion. Take care until next time.